# THE ADVENTURES OF THE PIG FAMILY

ILLUSTRATED




LONDON.

GRIFFITH & FARRAN

PRICE HALF-A-CROWN.

CARTRIDGE & ROBINS,
Discount Booksellers,
155, WESTGATE STREET,
GLOUCESTER.

e/ui
107.

The Baldwin Library
RmB University of Florida

Little Margaret from
Aunt Amy. February 1896

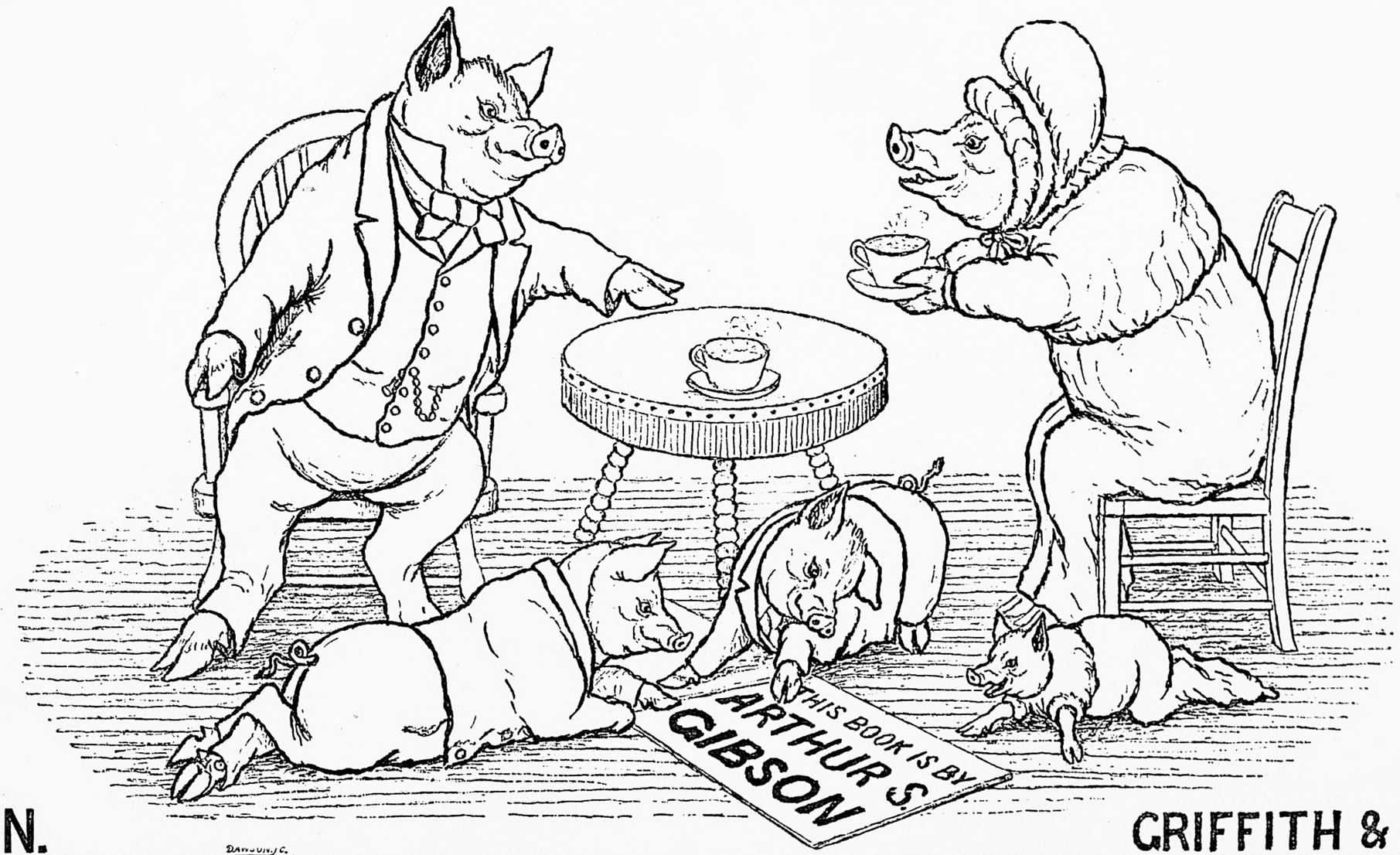
# THE ADVENTURES

OF

# THE PIG FAMILY.

# THE ADVENTURES OF THE PIG FAMILY

## ILLUSTRATED




LONDON.

GRIFFITH & FARRAN

# THE ADVENTURES

OF

# THE PIG FAMILY.

'Tis Sarah Pig you here behold,
Engaged so busily
With William, Alfred, and a babe,
Her hopeful family.

The youngsters for their dinner cry;
They do so love their meals.
The baby cannot go to sleep,
And wofully she squeals.

But Mistress Pig is never cross,
In spite of all the din.
To be put out when children fret,
She says, would be a sin.



MISTRESS PIG AT HOME.

Now baby Pig has gone to sleep;
No longer can she squeal.
The youngsters, perch'd upon their stools,
Expect a jolly meal.

At one o'clock comes Mister Pig
A welcome warm to find
From his dear wife, who likes to get
Things suited to his mind.

The dinner is all steaming hot;
He loves to have it so:
Cold victuals vex him grievously,
As Sarah Pig doth know.

Then one and all, with might and main,
Fell on the goodly fare;
They quickly finish every bit,
And find there's none to spare.



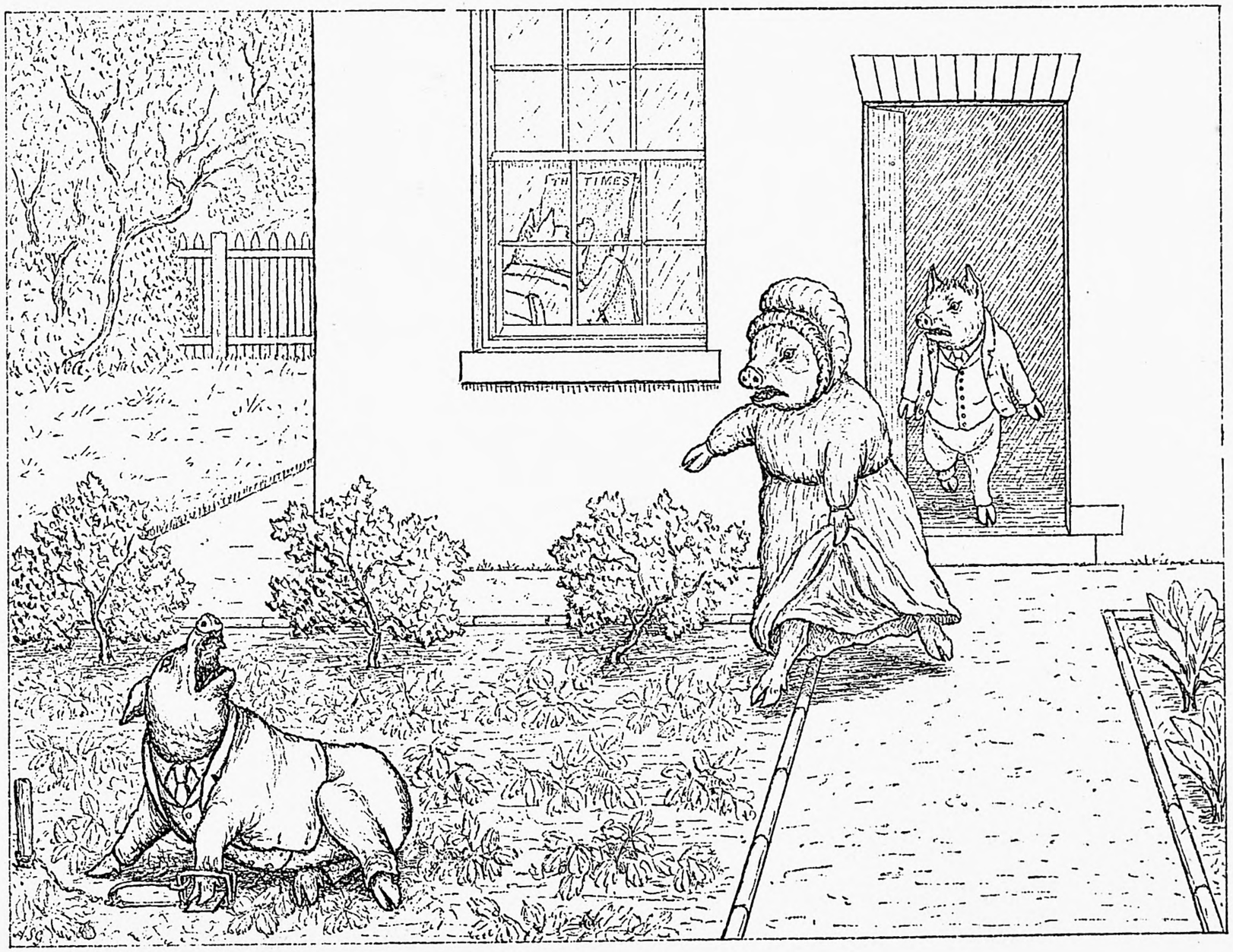
DINNER TIME.

A garden lies behind the house,
And in it strawberries grow.
Pig placed a trap among the fruit:
The birds did steal it so.

Young William too was fond of fruit,
And so it chanced one day
He spied the trap, and wonder'd why
So quietly it lay.

He stoop'd to pick it up, when lo!
The creature gave a jump,
And grabb'd him by his little hand,
And down fell William, plump.

"Sir, please to let me go. Oh, dear!"
He blubber'd in his fright.
The trap held on, so William squeal'd
And yell'd with all his might.



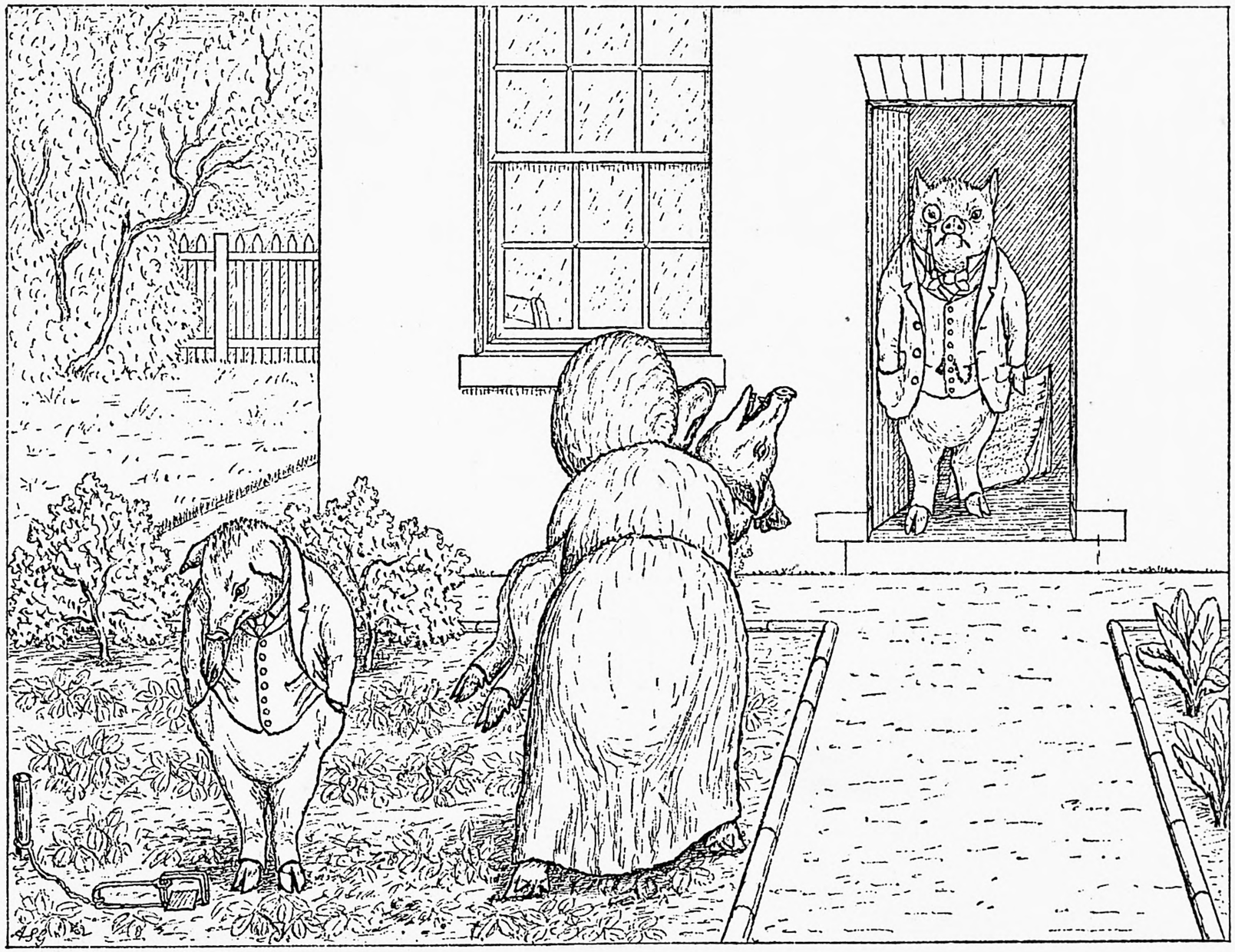

WILLIAM MEETS WITH A MISFORTUNE.

Now, running forth, the mother came,
And Alfred, forth came he:
They lifted luckless William up,
And let his hand go free.

Then to the house good Mistress Pig
Her weeping offspring bore;
And Mister Pig came out to see
What all the row was for.

But Alfred stood astonish'd, as
He gazed upon the trap,
With hands in pockets, lest he too
Should meet with some mishap.

"Come off this minute to the path,"
His father call'd, and frown'd;
For he was slightly vex'd to see
The strawberries squash'd around.



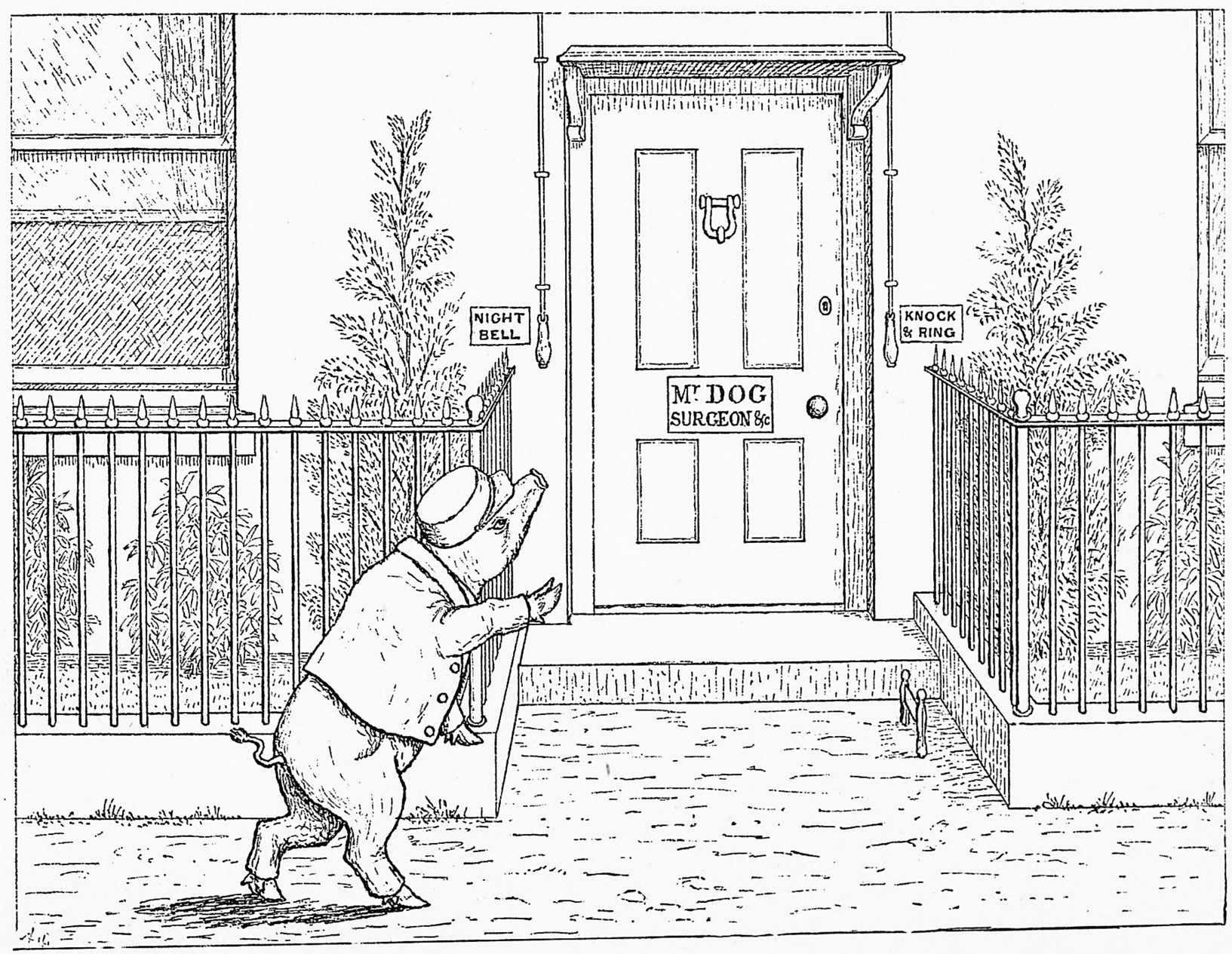
WILLIAM RELEASED BY HIS MOTHER.

They bathed poor William's wounded hand;
With rags they wrapp'd it round.
No bone was broken, but the flesh
Was sadly torn, they found.

His father thought 'twas very well
That it was not his snout;
Since he would poke it anywhere
To find some new thing out.

Small comfort William saw in this,
And many tears he shed:
So Mistress Pig took off his clothes,
And tuck'd him up in bed.

Then Alfred went for Doctor Dog:
His mother wish'd it so.
His father thought there was no need,
But said that he might go.




ALFRED IS SENT FOR THE DOCTOR.

In haste came Doctor Dog to see
If he could ease the pain.
He brought his case of instruments,
But found it was in vain.

"No need to cut the member off,"
Said he, "when you can cure.
The wound is not so very deep;
It will get well, I'm sure."

He look'd at William's tongue, and felt
His pulse, and said, "Just so.
I'll write a few prescriptions out
For him before I go."

Then, as he left, he promised that
He'd call again next day;
Which made old Pig look rather glum,
Because he'd have to pay.



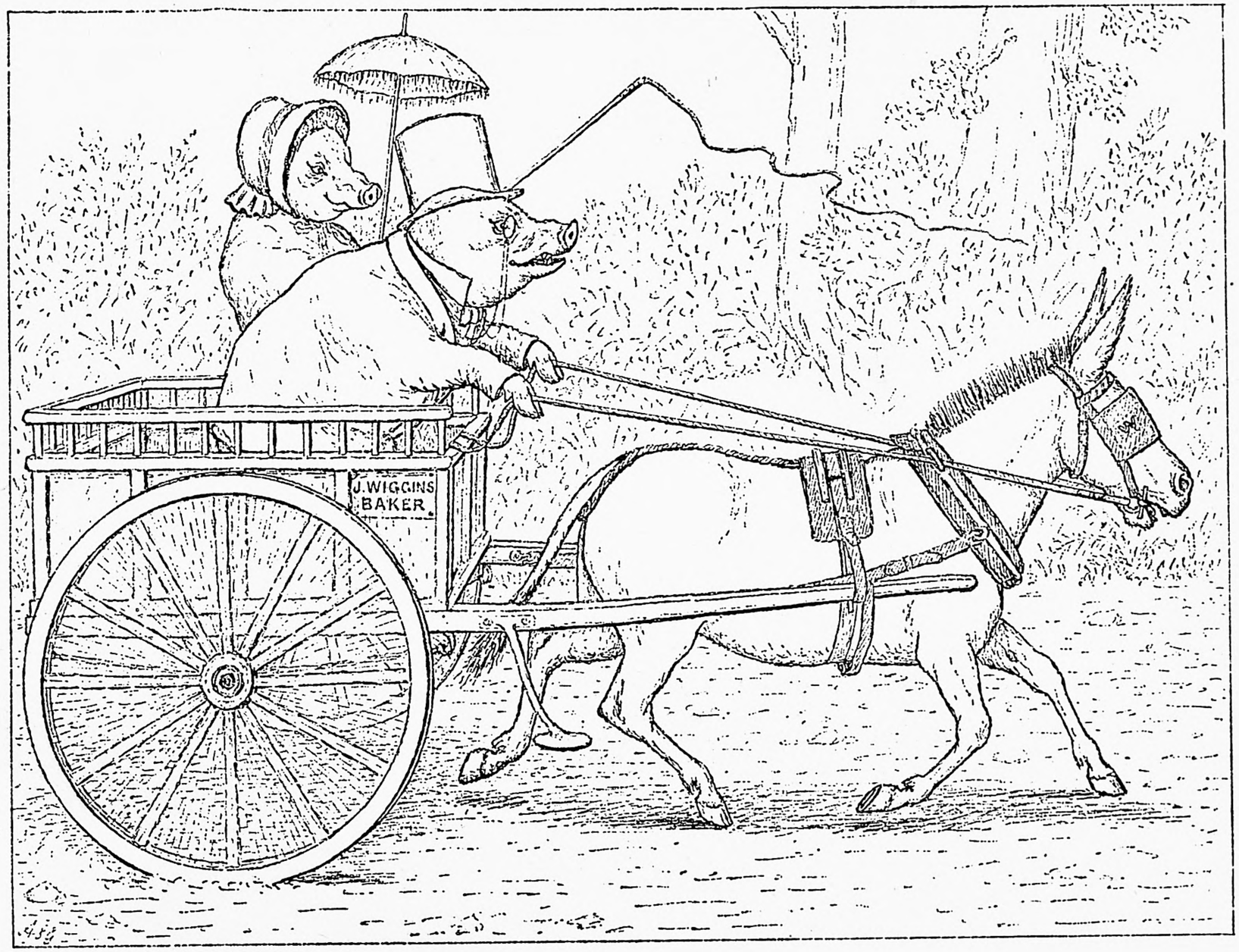

THE DOCTOR FEELING WILLIAM'S PULSE.

Now Sarah's birthday chanced to come,
As come it did each year;
And many happy days did Pig
Wish for his Sally dear.

Not satisfied with words alone,
On giving pleasure bent,
He brought a donkey and a cart,
That some kind friend had lent.

"Step in," said he; "I'll drive you out,
That you may take the air:
You look a little pale, my love,
And worn with too much care."

So, smiling, in her best array'd,
She climb'd up by his side;
And forth they started merrily,
To have a pleasant ride.




A BIRTHDAY TREAT FOR MISTRESS PIG.

Alas! misfortune soon befell
  Them in their happiness.
Through Mister Pig's mismanagement
  They got into a mess.

Somehow the cart was overturn'd,
  And both the Pigs fell out.
It shook them up most terribly,
  For they were rather stout.

Oh, how they flobb'd, and how they flopp'd,
  And flounder'd all around!
Poor Sarah flew the farthest ere
  She lit upon the ground.

Pig pick'd her up quite sick and sore,
  And looking like a sack;
For all the hooks came off her dress,
  Which fasten'd up the back.



A DREADFUL SHOCK FOR THE LOVING COUPLE.

A shaft was broken, so the cart
  Could not be used again;
And Mistress Pig declared to walk
  Would cause her too much pain.

So Mister Pig said he must ride,
  And hasten with all speed
To seek some friends to give them help
  In this their hour of need.

Hard work it was to mount the ass,
  For stirrup there was none:
Both out of breath and warm was he
  Before the job was done.

The donkey started at a trot,
  And off went Piggy's hat:
But, if he could keep on himself,
  What did he care for that?



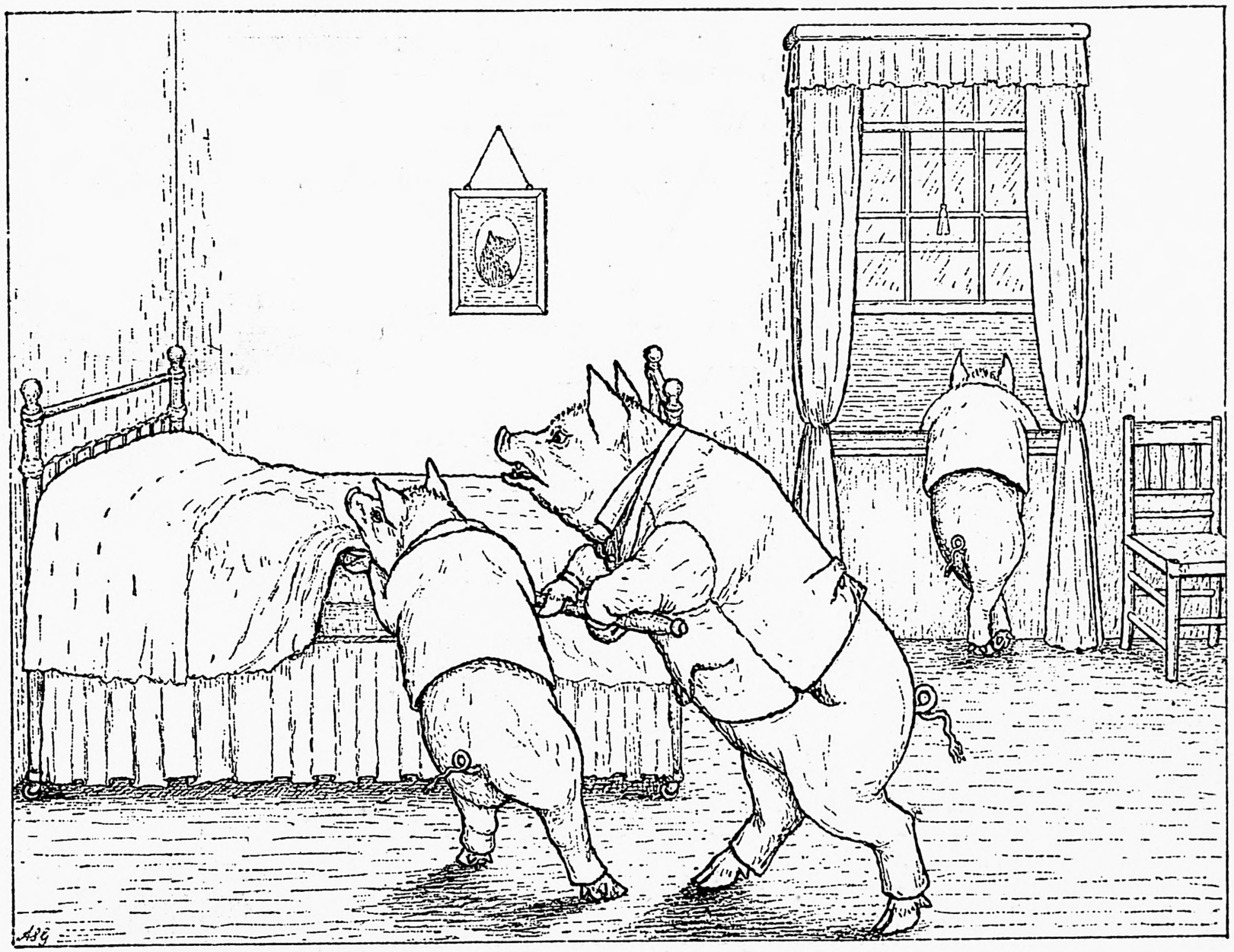
MASTER PIG RIDES OFF FOR HELP.

He found some friends who kindly went
To carry back his spouse,
While he rode home that he might get
Things ready at the house.

The bed was warm'd by Mister Pig,
And Alfred help'd his Pa;
While William at the window stood
To watch for their mamma.

When Mistress Pig was carried in
They put her straight to bed;
And, ere she settled down to sleep,
On tea and toast she fed.

Next morning she was much refresh'd,
And felt but little pain;
And after one or two more days
She got all right again.



WARMING THE BED FOR MISTRESS PIG.

In summer, while the days were long,
  The Pigs would take a walk
At evening, when their work was done,
  And have a pleasant talk.

They liked to talk of bygone days,
  When they were young together;
Of crops, and roots, and many things,
  As well as of the weather.

The children mostly stopp'd at home;
  For baby could not go;
And William and his brother had
  To stay with her, you know.

But sometimes Mistress Pig would get
  A friend to mind the child:
So then the youngsters both could go,
  And they with joy were wild.



THE PIG FAMILY TAKING A WALK.

One evening, when they thus were out,
Across a stile there came
An ancient enemy of Pig's,
And Mastiff was his name.

He stood before them in the road,
And look'd so rude and rough,
The little Pigs were quite alarm'd,
And might be well enough.

But Mister Pig kept cool and calm,
With eyeglass in his eye:
He gave his tail an extra curl,
And hoped they could pass by.

"Bow wow," said Mastiff. "Who are you,
That you should swagger so,
With turn'd-up nose and curly tail?
I should just like to know."



THE PIGS MEET AN OLD ENEMY.

Then, seeing danger near at hand,
  The father call'd out, "Fly!
My wife and children every one;
  Escape, or you may die!"

They fled; and Pig stood on his guard,
  For Mastiff danced about,
And shook a mighty club within
  An inch of Piggy's snout.

The brute then gave him several pokes,
  All just below his vest;
Because, to take a fellow's wind,
  He knew that place was best.

This anger'd Pig, and so he raised
  His walking-stick on high,
And struck a blow so strong, it made
  His waistcoat buttons fly.



A FIERCE FIGHT.

They fought with fury for a time,
Till Pig began to fail;
For lusty strokes from Mastiff's club
Fell on him thick as hail.

At last poor Pig was overcome:
Flat on the ground he lay;
While Mastiff jump'd upon him thrice,
Before he walk'd away.

Then, as he went, he said with scorn
Unto his prostrate foe:
"Next time you want your tail uncurl'd,
Perhaps you'll let me know."

On Mistress Pig's return, she found
Her lord in woful plight.
The youngsters cried like anything,
When they beheld the sight.



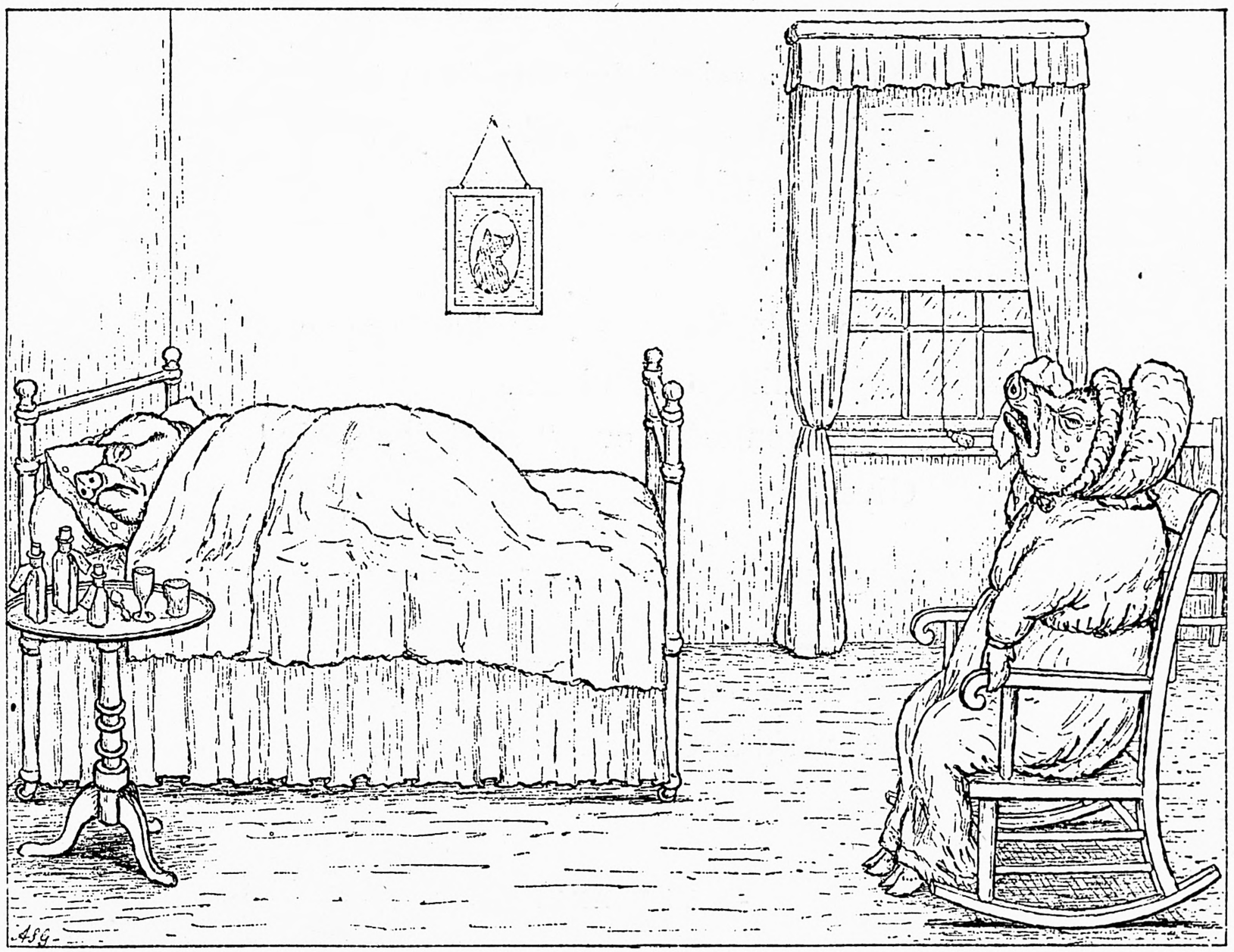
DEFEAT OF MISTER PIG.

Poor Mister Pig was carried home,
And safely put to bed.
Then Doctor Dog was summon'd, but
He sadly shook his head.

"I fear that he will die," said he;
"And yet I cannot tell.
I'll send you all the physic that
Might help to make him well."

So Sarah watch'd beside his bed,
And oft she wept alone.
For three whole days Pig never spoke,
And hardly gave a groan.

Late on the third day, watching thus,
She thought she heard a sound;
And, looking through the window, saw
'Twas Mastiff prowling round.



MISTRESS PIG WEEPS FOR HER WOUNDED HUSBAND.

She bravely seized the warming-pan,
And to the garden sped:
She came on Mastiff unawares,
And smote him on the head.

He dropp'd; and still the warming-pan
Kept falling on his back.
The children call'd out, "Well done, Ma!
Give him another smack."

She left him there upon the ground;
No pancake was as flat.
He ne'er was seen again; but Pig
Recover'd after that.

THE END.



MASTIFF GETS WHAT HE DESERVES.

23h8489